

SPRING 1965



Hallmarks

OF HARPETH HALL

HALLMARKS

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THESE YEARS WHICH LATELY HAVE UNHINGED

Sarah Alexander '65

*These years which lately have unhinged
A certain quietude, and wrest
From every certainty a restless doubt,
These years like night which thickly settles
Darkness have unsettled me, but that's all right,
Let night which gives the nod to stars come on;
The world is after daydreams new.
And after sleep and rest unknown,
I'll make a tall beginning
Over the margins of where
Anyone goes must chance to fall;
I'll take companions, wind and clouds and rain and me
Will through the bigness of this place to steal splashingly
From every puddle tranquil skies
And after widely journeys I'll again come home
Lost to knowing, found to growing.*

TO MY CHILDHOOD

Andrea Davis '66

*Here I stand,
Midway between
Now and forever.
Yesterday I was a child;
Today I am not.
Yet something still beckons me
“Back, back, come back!
Don't leave me yet!”
I pause, I turn, I look back,
A moment of longing, and then
I turn away, saying
“Go away! Leave me alone!”
You had your chance once,
A long time ago,
But you let me go—
Too soon, too soon.*

*Oh Childhood, you taught me
Many things,
But you forgot the most
Important lesson.
You let me go
Without telling me
That once I left you,
I could not return.*

SECOND LUNCH

Genevieve Lewis Steele '67

*The sky is the grey of pearls;
The brick is cold against my back.
I am glad of my warm sweater
As I sit here studying.
Though laughter sounds faintly
From up the walk,
I know myself to be alone
In this pearl grey world,
With only that cardinal
In the black walnut tree
To keep me company.
And for now
He is all I need.*

THE HILL

Carol Procter '66

*It's strange up on the hill you know—
The sound that comes when cool winds blow.
Up there, although I'm not alone.
Accompanied by creaks and moans,
The night's not dark—nor is it light;
The moon's not in or out at night;
And I feel strangely strange. It seems
Like something taken from my dreams.*

*The stars are there and yet they're not.
I wouldn't swear upon that spot
To be exactly sure or know
If there were rain or even snow.
Someday if you would dare to dare
To venture with someone, up there,
Please tell me when you've reached that spot
If you feel strangely strange or not.*

WAITING

Scotty Bright '68

*Brushing, curling, priming, screaming;
Forgetting, remembering, searching, conniving;
Twiddling, squinting, fixing, beaming;
Waiting for my date's arriving.*

THE BARRIER

Andrea Davis '66

*I sit on my bed
Under a bright light,
Alone, with the night outside.
The shade is up on my window,
But the window is closed.
It will not let in
The firefly who tap, taps
At the glass,
Begging entry.
He does not know why
He will batter himself to death
Against the glass,
Trying to come near the light.*

*I sit on my bed
Under a bright light,
Alone, with the night outside.
The shade is up on my window,
But the window is closed.
It will not let me escape
To the darkness beyond it.
And I,
I will batter myself to death
Against the transparency of my conscience,
A barrier as unyielding as the glass,
Never knowing just why.*

ENCOUNTER

Genevieve Lewis Steele '67

It was that rare twilight that turns green yellowish, blue purple, and deepens the dullest brown to warmth. A girl was trudging up the dirt road reviewing in her mind an article she had read on optical illusions. As a background to these coldly scientific thoughts whispered the refrain of an old Irish ballad recounting the death of one Finn McCall after a century's sojourn in the underworld of the Old Folk. These two trains of thought were battling silently for the upper hand, and with the help of the lighting, the folk song was winning.

Then, up the road, she half-saw a brown thing scamper and lie still. She ran to the place, only to find an oddly shaped limestone rock, pocketed and shadowed, seeming to vibrate in the weird light. "Illusion of motion. Cause: Suggestive atmosphere and pre-conditioning of thought," said she to herself with more than a twinge of pride at her superior memory. And with this telling blow the Irish ballad died, and science ruled supreme. She marched on, weighing and analyzing facts in the approved method.

As she rounded the curve, two laughing eyes shot a sneering glance at her from the shadows of the stone, and the brown thing straightened up and ran on into the bushes.



HOW IMPORTANT IS OUR HERITAGE OF FREEDOM TO ME?

Margaret Jones '65

As I consider the importance of my heritage of freedom, I realize that I, like many other Americans, do not appreciate freedom. I have been guaranteed certain rights by the United States Constitution, but even more precious to me are the freedoms I have which other Americans do not have. As a white Protestant I am in the majority in my environment, and, therefore, I am free from most persecution. I am free to use the cleanest rest rooms, to eat in the nicest restaurants, and to worship in the most beautiful churches. Yes, my heritage of freedom is important to me, but also of importance to me is the fact that some Americans are denying other Americans freedom. This denial is inconsistent with every ideal of democracy which we cherish. Obviously, freedom has been important to previous generations. I pray that although my generation has not lived in a time of war, we would not be afraid to die if necessary so that our children would inherit freedom. Although I am an idealist, I realize that all men will never live in complete freedom because all men cannot accept the responsibility of freedom. I do hope, though, that those who are free will appreciate their heritage and will aid others in their fight for freedom. How important is our heritage of freedom to me? Important enough to want all to share it!

SEE AND BELIEVE

Jenny Tippens '68

*See that flower?
That's a miracle.
Did you ever wonder
What it would be like to create
Such a thing?*

*See that bird?
See that movement?
That's called a bird in flight. 
Ever realize that the naturally simple
Motion of a bird's wings
Had to be calculated by a physicist
Greater than man?*

*Look at that sun!
I can but squint at the brilliance.
Round and round it goes
Every day.
Yet somehow, that sunset
Never looks the same.
There is, you see, an artist
With infinite imagination
Who designs a sunset for every evening.*

Say you can't see God? You must be blind.

TOMORROW

Jeanne Landrum '65

*Today I dreamt of wonderland and passed
The fleeing hours outside tomorrow's gate.
Among the lofty clouds a fair estate
I built to house the treasures I'd amassed.
My golden rings, my velvet robes surpassed
All earthly splendor. Thoughts that were too great
For worldly logic here would not abate;
This world of mine was perfect. But alas
As yet I have not laid the cornerstone;
My wealth is still but golden dust and thread
As yet unwoven. Thoughts are like blue jays;
I only watch until away they've flown.
Inside tomorrow's gate I will not tread
Until I learn tomorrow's make todays.*

WAITING

Fondé Thompson '68

What a long day it seemed to her! She had done all the time-consuming jobs there were to be done. All the rugs were beaten. There was no dust left anywhere. Homework?—This was not the time for studying. How could one concentrate on lessons now! It was 12:15. Two hours and forty-five minutes to be consumed by the slow stubborn hands of the kitchen clock. As she started at them they seemed to say, "Be patient, little girl. You have a long time to wait."

Slowly, slowly, slowly the minutes ticked by as her knitting needles clicked, clicked, clicked. The aroma of freshly baked cookies filled the kitchen, but still thirty minutes of waiting remained. The porch had been swept with the utmost care. Her room was in "apple-pie order" as it had never been before. The table was set for dinner, and all the once dirty dishes were clean and dry in their places. How could she stand the monotonous silence any longer?

There were only fifteen minutes left as she carefully brushed her golden brown hair and tied her favorite blue plaid scarf under her chin. Now only five minutes remained as she tugged on her red fur-lined boots. Finally the bell of the lofty church steeple loudly proclaimed the hour of three. The heavy front door burst open. In a swirl of blue and red she tore down the hill, over the frozen ground, hurdling the wall and leaping over the trickle of a creek. He was on time! The familiar red, white, and blue truck chugged up the hill. The friendly postman waved.

"A letter for me?" she asked breathlessly. The excited anticipation in her voice was apparent.

"No, not today."

A PROBLEM OF WEIGHT

Mary Pickens '67

*One feather blown into the air
Will fall and fall alone.
Likewise so will happiness
When into the air 'tis blown.*

*For happiness indeed is strong;
One cannot bear the weight.
What makes the feather lighter
Is another to partake.*

MY SIN

Caroline Phillips '65

*Whene'er I meditate upon my sin,
I wonder why I ever dare to seek
Forgiveness, when I cannot e'en be meek
A moment without sinning once again.
My life could be much richer than it's been;
Instead, I make it ugly, cheap, and bleak
By turning from my Father week by week
To all the hate and selfishness of sin.
And yet, despite the sin that He must see,
My Father God continues loving me,
And off'ring love and grace eternally;
Just why, I know not; I can only live
To earn this wondrous gift that He does give:
Just try, and fail, and ask that He forgive.*

I TOOK A WALK

Mary Pickens '67

*I took a walk on the moor today,
Strolled through the forest, and
On my way
I stopped to watch a tiny flower
Blown in the wind, dip and sway.*

*I watched the robin crested red
Build her nest in the oak
And said
"How splendid seems to be this day"
I'd come along a path a way.*

*I saw a black and yellow bee
That flew from leaf to flower to tree
And gathered honey in each place
He stopped along his merry spree.*

*I rested there along the way
And as nature's guest I stopped
To watch the sun pause, then fade away
When I came along the moor today.*

BRIDGE OF DUST

Jane West '66

I don't want to sound like an ungracious guest, but that house was . . . well, every time I opened a door I expected a torture chamber on the other side. I feel sure it would have been an inspiration to Edgar Allan Poe. I suppose that's why I had so much trouble getting to sleep. And the heat was so oppressive! I had opened wide every window, but I was still hot. Then I saw it—it, I say, because I never found out exactly what *it* was. Maybe an attic door, or perhaps a skylight, I thought. I struggled in the dark to open it—if it were a skylight, I might be able to get a little more fresh air. No sooner had I settled myself again than I realized that this was no ordinary hole in the ceiling. The grey light that shone vaguely through was too bright to have come from an attic but too dim to have come from a skylight. The fresh air I had hoped for was musty and stale instead. And I distinctly saw something moving directly above the skylight. A flag—I knew it was a flag, whipping slowly back and forth as if in a breeze. I turned on the lamp to look more closely. Yes, it was a flag, an American flag.

I felt I had to go up there to see . . . but just what it was that I had to see, I wasn't very sure. An anxious fear seized me, but Fate was a matador, waving a flag and drawing me to a small piece of my destiny. I had no choice. It was quite a struggle, but I finally managed to pull myself through. There I stood, Nancy Drew in my bathrobe and slippers. I wasn't in an attic at all, but in an odd sort of room. The light that poured in from the windows was not really light at all, just a dull grey, almost like a stream of dust. The room was not really lightened by it, merely made less dark. I switched on a table lamp—again the light was only a pale grey film. It was like a color movie suddenly switched to black and white.

The room was masculine in taste, leathery and cluttered. To my right were a heavy wooden dresser and a leather upholstered armchair. The bottom drawer of the dresser was half-open, and the ragged old chair sank in slightly in the center; it looked sturdily comfortable which, I suppose, is the best one of those things ever looks. At my feet lay a small hook rug; it was made of many colors yet they were all muted so that each seemed just a variation of grey. To my left was a sturdy old table, loaded down with books; an old black metal telephone was nearly obscured from sight by a large, shabbily-bound dictionary. On the side wall was an old secretary, stuffed with letters and papers. The shelves were covered with books, old and much-used; the glass was tinted by an unearthly dust.

There were reams of paper lying about which seemed to be part of a thesis or something of that nature. To one side was a coffee cup, still half-full. A heavy glass ashtray was next to it, filled with cigarette butts. I could even smell a distant aroma of smoke.

Directly ahead of me was a small room, a step or two down from this larger one. It contained two beds, separated by a small oaken table. The bed to the right was slightly rumpled as if someone had just been sitting there. But on the table was one of the strangest things I had ever seen. I walked towards it to observe more closely, but a sudden noise interrupted me: the telephone was ringing—and I knew it was for me. The old and somehow distant ring of that old black telephone was like a Siren's song, drawing me to it. I lifted the receiver with no hesitation.

The voice on the other end was deep and masculine. "May I speak to Captain Thomas, please?"

I told him I thought he had the wrong number. With weary patience, he told me some military gibberish which he seemed to think even I could understand, and which, of course, I didn't. When I still didn't comprehend, he demanded to know my name.

"I'm Jill Roberts; I live in Bryn Mawr and go to college here and I do not have the vaguest idea what you're talking about!"

"Bryn Mawr? Why, that's in America, in Pennsylvania . . . ?" I could hardly believe what he told me next. "Well, I've heard of long distance before, but this is a bit much. You see, I . . . I'm in Korea."

"I beg your pardon!"

"In case you don't know," he said somewhat contemptuously, "we're fighting a war over here."

"Again? I thought we cleared that up back in '53."

He seemed perplexed. "But it's only 1951 now."

When he gave me this startling bit of information, I did my best to bring him up to date, but I couldn't convince him that it was really 1964. It was fully five minutes before we realized just what happened: we were communicating over thousands of miles and thirteen years of time!

We talked for a long time about various things. Stuart McCarthy, for that was his name, was like any other soldier who fights in places like Korea and Viet Nam: he was not too excited about fighting a war a million miles from nowhere when there seemed to be no appreciable solution to the situation. He was a strong person, though; I could tell. He did not complain much about the war; in fact, he scarcely mentioned it at all. He was doing his job, and as long as he was there, he was going to do his best. His voice was calm and steady as of a

man of strength, yet quiet, as of a man who had seen much, perhaps too much, of the horrors of war. So I can hardly blame him for wanting to come home. Not that he said so in so many words, but I could tell. And somehow I knew he would not be coming back. I think he felt it, too. The thought filled me with a strange sadness.

"Do you think we might manage this again?" I asked hopefully when he decided that duty called, and he had better get back to business.

"I doubt it," he said with finality; "a man only gets one look into the future."

With that he left me, and I succumbed to the melancholy around me. How can I explain the dreadful ache in my heart, or how the stranger put it there? I sat there in front of the secretary, musing and wondering. Unconsciously, as my thoughts wandered, I began tinkering with the papers and the little boxes that were lying about. One small box rattled so intriguingly that I couldn't resist opening it. Inside were several coins, none of which were dated past 1950. One was particularly interesting; the date on it was 1885—somehow that seemed important. I put it in the pocket of my robe; I wanted to ask Carol about it in the morning.

I stood up to leave, then I remembered there was something I still wanted to see. I went back to the small room and looked at the candle I had seen on the table. It was the most uncanny thing I have ever seen. The flame did not twinkle at all; it was as if it were frozen. Neither was it golden as a flame ought to be; instead, it was a musty tapioca yellow, almost greyed to extinction. There was no light whatsoever, only a dull, lifeless glow. I looked closer; to my horror, there was a cobweb attached to the peak of this dead flame. I was filled with something close to terror. I wanted to scream and run away; instead, I stood there, staring mutely. Oh, the atmosphere was too oppressive; I couldn't bear the sadness or the awful emptiness that I felt a moment longer.

I took one last look around: so old, so dead, and yet it looked for all the world as if someone had been working there only a moment before I had come. And that hint of cigarette smoke haunted my senses. Just as I flicked the switch of the lamp, I caught sight of a yellowed photograph of a young couple. The girl was fresh and pretty, and the man had an air of rugged aristocracy. He looked to be about thirty; his eyes burned with fierce pride and determination, despite the hopeless pessimism of his almost nonexistent smile. In the last glimmer of light, I caught sight of the writing at the bottom: "Jan and Stu, March, 1950." I choked a little and hurried away.

There, dancing above the hole in its ghostlike fashion, was the flag. I watched as it fluttered know-

ingly, and I knew that it had no more reality than anything else I had seen that night, perhaps not even as much, for I was sure that if I reached out, I would not be able to touch it. Then that flame which had seemed so dead and cold became doubly symbolic, for in its stillness, it is constant, like an eternal flame, burning as long as there are those willing to fight, even to die, to keep it lit.

I smiled with a new understanding, and the flag rippled slightly as if to smile back. The pall of death and sorrow lifted a little.

I hurried back to bed; I was quite tired, and I felt that sleep would come more easily now.

The next morning I told of my peculiar dream; it was an interesting topic for breakfast conversation. As my hostess told me that there was nothing more than an attic up there, I remembered, somewhere in the back of my mind, the coin. And then I knew why the date had seemed important: it was something I had learned in history — the United States received the Statue of Liberty in 1885.

"It was a strange dream," I mused, thrusting my hands in my pockets. The metal lump was the coin; I knew it even before I pulled it out. Eighteen eighty-five, I thought as I stared at it, now suddenly perplexed all over again.

And I remembered the torch in the hand of the Statue of Liberty, a stone flame, as dead as the one I had seen. A flame of stone cannot burn; the true glow burns only in the heart of man. I quietly put the coin back into my pocket and wondered vaguely how the fight for freedom was going in a far-off little country called Korea.

EYES

Betty Anne Cotton '65

*Those jewels with which each man has two to see,
That mark their worth by sparkles from within,
Encompass much, reflect as much to me
As I remember what their truth has been.
And yet this surface seems not solid—no,
But more an opening in to depths within,
An endless cavern to which I cannot go,
And trying, find that only God has been.
No search reveals as much as eyes of man
If only I agree to compromise,
For there is Chance to join two inner lands
By listening with an interest in my eyes.
When courage bade me lift my eyes to his,
I found there love and hope that patience is.*



TO MY DOLL

Pam Trautman '66

*Oh doll, a friend in youth to comfort me,
What scar is this that mars your brow?
What stain is this that spoils your dress?
Indeed, old friend, I yet recall my vow
To stay with you amidst the joy of youth.
But Life's strange ways will not permit such dreams,
And I must now conform and change with time.
I age—I lose the light of youthful beams,
While you remain deserted, left behind.
These ruthless years have hurt you too, my friend.
The sawdust sifts with ease from your limp form.
Your stare so blank—I cannot comprehend.*

*I know I cannot live again my youth.
The years of wisdom win; I face the truth.*

A PAIR OF BIRDS

Mary Overholser '65

*Before this man cavort a pair of doves.
They gaily prance and swoop of their own will.
In jerks they pull the man as each one roves,
Never resting on the stand or sill.*

*The circus horses of the air, they fly
To catch the rhythm of the hills and sea.
They run and rush to flutter with a sigh
The pages of a book they chance to see.*

*Mighty is the song produced by them!
How gentle, soft the movement of the wing!
Alas! How sweet their song! How loud their hymn!
How beautiful the score the pair does sing!*

*It only seems that band would be distract'd
By the role those sprightly birds have act'd.*

HAPPY VACATION

Libba Hutton '67

Margaret and Jim were sitting calmly at the dinner table waiting for the children to finish their game of "I Spy." The curtains were open so we could see the children playing by the garden wall. They were going by the usual rule that only one could spy at a time. They played "I Spy" differently from most children; they spied on Mr. Woodard, the "crazy man" next door.

Whenever Mr. Woodard came into his yard, as he did quite often, he was sure to see at least one pair of eyes peeping over the wall. He knew that all the neighborhood children thought he was demented; he even knew some adults who thought he was; however, this did not seem strange to him. After all, not many sane persons talked to trees and almost none treated them as if they were really human. Of course Mr. Woodard knew they were alive because of his experiments.

It all started when I was just fifteen. Mr. Woodard's wife went on a vacation and did not come back. That was when he started putting hats on the tree which we had never noticed at that spot before. One would have thought it had grown overnight; however, Margaret, my best friend, who was very realistic, insisted that it had not. She said it had just grown while we were not noticing.

The children had come in, and Kim and John were fighting about whether Mr. Woodard had kissed the tree good night or not. Margaret fed them and sent them to bed. We went and sat in the living room while Jim did the dishes; she had him well trained to do anything she told him to. She told me all the weird things Mr. Woodard had done lately. I could hear Jim crashing around in the kitchen, and finally he emerged with a casserole pot in his hand and announced that he was going to visit Mr. Woodard. We were both rather shocked, but we laughed and pretended it was all a joke. I could tell by the determined look in his eyes that he was not joking.

I left that night around eleven o'clock and Jim still had not returned. The next day I read in the paper that Margaret and the three children were going on a trip. I went over to see if there was anything I could do while she was gone. When I walked in the door I passed Mr. Woodard leaving. I talked to Jim for about an hour and I noticed that he had lost the old restraint, and he was laughing more freely. It wasn't until I was leaving that I noticed the four new oaks in the backyard.

SOMEDAY

Lucinda Trabue '66

*I live to help, if there's a call.
I live to strengthen, if you fall.
I live to stand right by your side,
To comfort you at change of tide.
I live to stop the pain of life
From opening to you its toil and strife.
I live for you in every way
Hoping that you'll be mine, Someday.*

MY HERITAGE OF FREEDOM

Sarah Alexander

My heritage of freedom is as important to me as the air I breathe. It consists of pictures in the mind's eye, of smells, of sights, of feelings.

It is the sad-eyed Mr. Lincoln in a stove-pipe hat delivering the Gettysburg Address over the hallowed dead in a little graveyard in Pennsylvania; it is the spirit of "Old Hickory" with his Tennessee Squirrel Hunters at New Orleans against Packingham's "Ladies from Hell"; it is Robert E. Lee's majestic head bowed in defeat at Appomattox Courthouse; it is Franklin Delano Roosevelt telling us, while in the depths of despair and fear, that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself"; it is John F. Kennedy asking what we can do for our country and not what our country can do for us.

It is the rush of pride when viewing the picture of Old Glory being raised at Iwo Jima, or the sound of a band playing "Hail to the Chief," or the serene dignity of an old white-haired Negro couple which only a southerner can feel. It is the buttermilk smell of new puppies, or the brassy smell of a little boy.

My heritage of freedom is contrast and strife; it's integration and segregation; it's the hot war and the cold war; it's Republican and Democrat; it's Martin Luther King and Bull Conner; it's give and take, push and pull.

My heritage of freedom is all of these things, and more, because I am an American and live in the land that abounds in such sights, sounds, and smells because we are a nation conceived in liberty under God, and we are endowed with such blessings. This is my heritage of freedom, and I will defend until my death the right of my children to inherit it.



ESCAPADE

Jane West '66

*It was early September, I remember it well:
The sea was all ruffles, a scalloped blue shell;
I sat by the seashore, my love by my side,
And our happiness rose with the swell of the tide;
Alone, just together, we walked on the sand
In the sun, by each other, my hand in his hand;
Like star-struck young lovers in the midst of the day,
We walked without speaking for such a long way
That we soon were together in a world of our own.
While the far-falling sun's lilting countenance shone,
We built our sand castles and waded out deep,
And felt the cold chills as the waves kissed our feet;
The water grew cooler—we didn't stay long;
Besides, coming nearer was twilight's soft song.
As the slow-shooting-star from the red ruby sky
In wine water melted and slowly did die,
We waited in wonder to watch its proud fall,
And stole a brief kiss as the night covered all.*

*We walked in the darkness; there wasn't a moon;
A moment's fear took me, but it was gone soon,
For I shouldn't worry of finding the way;
Why, hadn't we come the same path just today?
With my love by my side, I was safe and secure,
And though he said nothing, I knew he was sure.*

*It was early September; the night was so black,
And yet I still wonder why we never came back.*

THE SYMBOL OF LIFE

Tekla Travis '65

They were running hand in hand at night, all alone, just one small girl and one small boy. The way was dark, but they were not frightened because they did not know fear. They were running and singing as they gaily blew trivial kisses from their fingertips to the stars, the moon, the trees and to each other. Then, just as a kiss left her hand, the tiny girl noticed that a light was shining through the darkness making patterns of paths between the tree trunks before her. She stood very still and her companion sang out to her. She had to tell him what she saw before he even noticed the splendid light, but even then it mattered very little to him. However, there were hundreds of paths, and they were sort of pretty, but they only looked and did not follow even one of them. They looked, but did not see. They could not see that those paths were leading to life. They saw the grandeur of life before them, and not understanding, they turned away and returned to singing gaily as they chased each other through the night until the dawn came to confiscate their worthless souls.

SPRING, DID YOU SAY?

Nena Louise Couch '68

*Spring, did you say?
I'm sure that can't be true.
Spring is always gay;
It's winter while I'm blue.*

*Spring, did you hear?
The birds are few, but shrill.
Spring may be near,
But it is winter, still.*

*Spring, did you think?
When love and Cupid play?
This season isn't spring;
Love hasn't come my way.*

HOW

Mary Pickens '67

*How high grows the tallest tree?
How far the widest plain?
How deep the bluest ocean?
How soft the falling rain?*

*God himself grows taller,
Wider, deeper too,
And His mighty hand grows softest
When He is touching you.*

SONG TO A YOUNG MAN

Carol Copple '65

*Don't you see the softness there,
Around her eyes and in her hair?
Like a golden, curling light,
Like the moonlit mist of night.*

*It is youth that I see there,
Around her eyes and in her hair,
Warm life running, running free,
Wind-blown fancy, that I see.*

*It isn't youth that you see there,
Around her eyes and in her hair;
Youth is warm and fresh and free,
But it isn't all you see.*

*It must be spring that hovers there,
Around her eyes and in her hair.
Shaking dew from the morning rose
She puts it in her hair, it blows.*

*It isn't spring that hovers there,
Around her eyes and in her hair.
Spring is soft glory on a heaven-hill,
But it is something softer still.*

*It is love that shimmers there,
Around her eyes and in her hair:
Love as young as winds of dawn,
Sweet as darkness when day is gone,
Soft as petals brushed with dew,
It is love—her love for you.*

DOVE

Shirley Graham

*A world full of laughter, a world full of tears,
A ripple of safety, a whirlpool of fears;
The vortex of life goes swirling on,
But the peace of the river is God's alone.*

*Security lies in the bed of the stream,
For none can invade there, the doldrums of dream.
And only the burst of the bubbles on the shore
Reveal treasured secrets unheard of before.*

*Life's balance is crystallized wave over wave:
The ebb and flow, and the loss and the gain
Resound in the tide as if Fate echoing,
"For birth there is death, and for peace there is rage."*

*The strife of the races, the creeds, and the lands
Are tossed from the peaks of the foaming tide
And dashed 'neath the mounts from which none can survive,
But are buried in ages 'neath Time's shifting sands.*

*The sea rushes in and remembers its course
Of ancient destruction; yet feels no remorse,
For Noah was Neptune in God's wondrous plan
Of ruling the realm of the sea and the land.*

*A river of mirror reflects golden lore
In sunlight of yesterday, gloom of before;
In the Mem'ries of his'try the current flows on
In the silence and peace of the river alone.*

REPENTANCE

Andrea Davis '66

*I want to laugh—madly, wildly;
I want to run screaming through the night.
I want to fall into a pit of blackness,
And let the darkness hide me, hide me.*

*I want to sit serene and calm,
Rest my head upon my arm,
Ponder on the things I've done,
And smile, and then regret.*

LITTLE THINGS

*What is sadder
Than grown-up
Idealism
Punctured with
Amendments?*

Genevieve Lewis Steele

*One small, obscure drop
Swirling, churning,
Forever turning
Makes its way from sky to earth,
And falls as other drops have fallen
On a single blade of grass.*

Mary Pickens

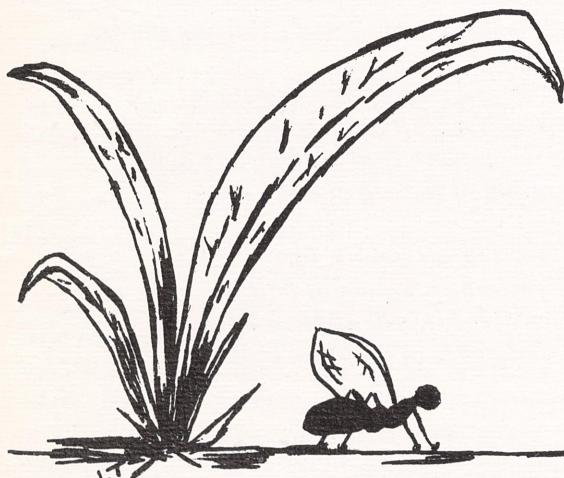
*Great, piercing red eyes
Ignited, gleam cruelly and glare—
Soon to spill but tears*

Helen Bransford



*It's just a little leaf
It lives, and dies, and falls to earth.
Only to give another leaf new birth.*

Lucinda Trabue



*A sliver of grass—
The kingdom of wee unknowns,
But man's stepping stone.*

Lucinda Trabue

*This is a wee world
Made for wee little people,
Bits of passing time.*

Lucinda Trabue

*The tiny green inchworm, very unconcerned,
Must always measure his way through life.*

Mindy Thompson

*Sweet fresh rains sprinkle
Children in red galoshes
Spring never forgets.*

Helen Bransford

*Ideas
are
golden baubles
tossed in
different
rhythms
and rhymes.
Games they are
for one to play,
but even more
for two.*

Genevieve Lewis Steele

DIARY OF K. VON WALThER, MAY 15, 1976

Jenny Tippens '68

We finished the tunnel five hours ago. The ten of us here fidget madly, waiting for the next call from the outpost at the eastern entrance. Karl and Lieder have been watching the Vopos like hawks and so far, all is well. Seventeen people have already come through—Katrín's brother, Konrad, among them. I wait as though my life has been leading up to this moment. The clock ticks off the seconds; another call comes in—"drei, null" (three adults and one child). In five minutes, the escapees come up through the tunnel into the damp, anxious atmosphere of this cellar where I so excitedly pace the floor.

"Will they never come?" Kristen mumbles, waiting impatiently for her two sisters.

I sit down and speak to Gottfried, our leader. He says his mother has not come yet, but he is sure she knows what she is to do and will be here soon. I cannot be so sure about my brothers—they are so young—I can only hope. . . .

Fifteen hours ago, the first three people escaped from East Berlin through our tunnel. Now the count has jumped to thirty-nine, but there is still no sign of my brothers. My attention is momentarily focused on the arrival of Gottfreid's mother. Seemingly endless hours drag by, and my apprehension increases with time. . . .

A little boy and girl; then their mother, Katrin's sister, make their way through at 2:00 A.M. Then Karla, the youngest of the three, comes up through the three-hundred-and-twenty-foot tunnel alone, ten minutes later. . . .

Forty-one people—all but two of those notified have escaped by our route to the French sector of the walled city. It is now 5:00 P.M., and still my brothers, whom I so anxiously await, do not appear. . . .

Suddenly, there comes the alert! We have been discovered! We hear distant gun shots, and know that Karl and Lieder are on their way back—trying to reach us before the grenades start. Four people come up through the tunnel entrance, and everyone throws sandbags down the shaft as quickly as possible, to protect the cellar from the blast. . . .

Now, all is calm. I recall seeing my brothers in that urgent moment—everyone furiously involved in throwing sandbags, so that no one spoke.

"What are your names?" I intensely asked. You see, I had never properly met these two brothers of mine, and I had to make sure they were the right

ones. Rudi and Arndt were born after the wall was built, and I had never seen them.

Tomorrow we fly to America. Funny, doesn't it seem, that the Americans are celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of their fight for independence, when we three have just won ours?

GENERAL LEE RIDES AGAIN

Denis Sarratt '65

January 15, 1965; Nashville, Tenn. (AP)—Word has reached the capital city of Tennessee that there are no plans for action for two weeks in General Lee's strategy for his conquest of the South. After seven consecutive victories, it appears that General Lee and his tremendous ten cannot be stopped. Opposing forces have employed numerous offensive tactics to try to get around this giant of a man, only to be mercilessly driven back each time. When our beloved hero begins an offensive pattern, the distraught enemy can do nothing but use a feeble defense that soon collapses under a flurry of tactical genius. On being asked about his two humiliating defeats at Blacksburg and Greensboro, the General said that even though they had been a little careless in those two encounters, his group has steadily improved with each ensuing battle. Lee, in actuality a very shy man, attributes his success not to his own prowess, but to his troops' superb back-up work. When asked about his outstanding officers, the southern gent picked out a few superior examples. One, the terror who mysteriously conceals his real name and goes only by the title "The Snake," is the general's partner in grabbing up any tense situation and setting up a break for the legion. The duo of "Stonewall" Schurig and "Murderous" Miller head up the offensive with the able assistance of "Terror" Taylor and "Tremendous" Thomas. These men get the action to the general who usually hits his mark with unprecedented accuracy.

After extremely successful encounters with Kentucky Artillery No. 4 and Tennessee Infantry No. 3 within four days, which could break open the way to total domination of the South, many supporters who follow the group religiously say that there seems to be no end to the General's potential and his troops' ability.

DUSK IS A WOMAN

Mary Overholser '65

*Day leaves earth
with a resigned nod of her head
and lets her red hair settle
slowly
like a film
behind the hills
neither does she flee nor linger
She knows her place
in time
and as she goes
she gathers with her all her belongings
her heat and light
her reflection lying liquid in water
her memories of an all-day-long
she tucks the flowers and the fowls in bed
leaves her tanning fingerprints on the swimmer's back
drains the lake of the silhouette lying there
and then in final jest makes the sundial obsolete
She whispers
in a tired voice
a prophecy of night
a new and fairy queen
(cold and beautiful)
whose hair is
and
sprinkled
with
diamonds*

CONFORMITY

Genevieve Lewis Steele '67

Conformity is large scale plagiarism. (Emerson called it suicide. If that is so, the vast majority of Americans are slowly poisoning themselves.) The few people you may know who seem to be original aren't. They have eked their nonconformity from the beatniks, personified by Peter, Paul and Mary, and from various and sundry heroes and various and sundry books whose intellectual levels range from Laura Lee Hope to Hemingway. And these same beatniks and heroes of books got their courage out of whatever individual battle they may fancy.

EXPECTATION

Patty Delony '66

*The voice drones on;
My attention lags.
It's really bad
How the minutes drag.*

*French, Algebra, English
Hold no interest for me
Complete utter boredom.
How I wish I were free!*

*It's completely impossible
To suppress my elation—
43 hundred minutes
Until spring vacation.*

NOCTURNAL IMPRISONMENT

Pam Trautman '66

It's seven-thirty again; we have just finished eating dinner, and here I am in the kitchen, a slave bound to the eternal drudgery of dish-washing. Myriads of dirty dishes surround me. Nor, as in television commercials, are they stacked in a pleasingly convenient pile. To the contrary, most provokingly, they are scattered all about the kitchen. To my left I see the kitchen table, heavily laden with greasy plates and glasses of diluted ice tea. One limp noodle lies spitefully in front of my brother's plate; he never was co-ordinated. Glancing to the right, I find the stove cluttered with pans: the roaster lined with a hard crust from browned beef, a pot half-filled with cold, soggy carrots. I shudder. In the midst of despair, I begin to rummage around the pans in cabinets, looking for a container for these left-overs. Oh nuts! What an infuriating thought! I have to put this nasty food in another container which, in turn, must be washed tomorrow. Now I come to the task of sorting and scraping. The coffee pot particularly annoys me. I hate to empty the wet, pebble-like coffee grounds from their basket. Oh, no. I'm missing the garbage container—but managing to splatter my foot instead. And look. We would be having okra tonight. Why does okra have to be so repulsively slimy so that the mere touch of it sends chills up and down my spine? In order to emphasize my captivity, my parents have turned the television on in the adjacent room, just loud enough for me to hear voices. It's eight o'clock. "My Three Sons" comes on now. I hear the reverberating sound of their ringing laughter as I start to stack the plates. It's so tantalizing; I'd love to go listen and leave all these dishes behind. My aggravation at the futility of this desire makes me clatter and clang the pots as loudly as possible while jamming them into the dishwasher. The voices are beginning to die down now, and I hear a movement, footsteps approaching the kitchen. The door opens and Mama walks in. "Finished the dishes, Honey?" she says. "Why don't you come watch some television; we've been waiting for you." As I turn off the light and close the kitchen door, a feeling of happiness surges through my body. I'm free—well, until tomorrow night anyway.

PLASTIC

Genevieve Lewis Steele '67

*In this plastic world
We are encased in plastic molds
And sometimes the dotted line
Is left off, forgotten
And the person inside
We cannot reach.*

*I am such a one,
And so is another.
And I want to call
"Awaken, thou North Wind
And come thou South!"
Blow my hair back from my face,
Blow the tears from my eyes.
Blow the ache of longing
—for what, I don't know—
From my heart,
And from his.*

*But wind cannot penetrate
Our plastic worlds,
So safe and warm and secure,
And we—
We have no dotted lines.*

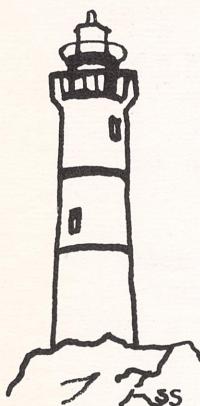
MOMENTS

Ann Beach '68

*A little dog waiting outside the school-door,
Or a water-filled leaf which will bear no more;
A boy who waits his turn at the bat,
Or the yearning of a kitten for a loving pat.*

*The surety that Dad will arrive home soon,
The slow ebbing tide in the path of the moon;
The uncertain moment preceding a storm,
Or the blessing of true love to one forlorn.*

*April buds wakening to the promise of spring,
A child's expectations of what Santa will bring;
The sweet satisfaction of giving birth—
Or the lonely vigil of one meeting death.*



A LIGHTHOUSE

Carol Copple '65

*Amid the gathering mist I stand alone,
Brush back the hair that blows about my eyes
And listen to the stillness, truest tone
Of beauty, spread across the darkening skies
And darker than the sky the midnight sea;
The black is being swathed with silver haze.
Behind me only shadows, I can see
No sign of life or warmth though hard I gaze;
But turning from the land, I see a beam,
A lighthouse, just a spark and miles from me.
Yet from far-off I see its tiny gleam.
What greater sight of wonder could there be?
It lights the heart with one small glowing fire
And points to heaven like a church's spire.*

8

THE TWO FACES OF LOVE

Jean Williams '67

*My love is a guiding light,
Which shows me the way to go.
It brightens my path of darkness,
And hides my life of woe.
It tries to make me blind
To the things I know are true:
That love is cruel,
And it breaks the heart,
No matter what I do.
Sometimes my love succeeds
In hiding its original plan,
But each time I love I soon recall
That love makes a fool of man.*

A TOLLING

Peggy White '65

*Red of devouring fire or black of grasping night;
The eternity of man's mind has given me many forms.
My long, nervous fingers reach out, never still;
I gnaw at your very essence slowly, tediously.
The prayers of redemption, the shouts of defiance
Bring no relief. Then contemplation:
Man has been doomed since the primal sin.
Languidly, cynically but assuredly I reply—No.
I was conceived by you, nurtured by you.
With generous hands you molded my being.
Look into my dark, angular face; what do you see?
Why do you flinch and turn away?
Do you always respond so to mirrors?
Yes, I am you. I am your hell.
But what of the good in your life, you ask with an involuntary twitch of the
eye.
What good: your hypocritical gifts or halfhearted prayers?
As I said before, I am you. Does not a soul understand its creator?
Now come—*

CANDLE

Mary Overholser '65

*I watched happiness melt away
Like a candle.
It was full and round and clean
Before I lit it—
Before I imagined there could be
Anything better than the present.
I wanted more—
More than happiness—
So I lit the candle,
And now it burns,
Slowly,
Giving off a beautiful light
Yet melting,
dripping,
 crying itself away.
Its soot — mascara tear — stains its
Way down the long white slender body.
Silently,
Silently it dies.
And I—
I must watch.*

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

Debby Caroland '67

*When daylight slips away for evening,
And skies have turned to gold,
The chambers of my mind start ringing
With questions new and old.*

*Will children always ask their mothers
The same things through the years?
Will old men always stretch their stories
For young boys' eager ears?*

*Will lovers' hearts be ever broken
By one whose love was false?
Will flowers ever be a token
Of love, remorse, and loss?*

*Will rocks and trees ne'er have words to say
To let us share their wisdom?
And years from me standing here today
Will twilight hour still come?*

HAVE YOU EVER STOOD ON A HILL

Jane West '66

*Have you ever stood on a hill and just looked,
Not watching for spring, its awakening thrills,
Not searching for summer, its soft singing skies,
Not seeking just splendor as slow summer dies,
Not watching for winter that sparkles and chills,
But looked for God's glory to be where it will?*

*Can you say that you've watched, not searching at all?
My friend, do you know how to see but not look;
Will an old broken pine do as well as an oak;
If you can't find a rose, what of ivy's death choke;
Will a dried empty bed satisfy like a brook;
Can you find in a flaw any beauty at all?*

*Have you ever wondered just what beauty is?
Is it just what you look for when out in the wood;
Is it only what's green, bright yellow, or red;
Or is beauty forever, is ugliness dead;
 And is beauty in all, and is everything good;
Yet can there not be some ugliness too?*

*Is ugliness ugly, is beauty all fair?
Do they really exist—is it right to compare?
You must look, my dear friend, and decide on your own;
You can never find answers with questions alone,
 Though something is ugly, still beauty may call,
Since beauty is God, and God is in all.*

AUTUMN'S WHEN AFTER . . .

Sarah Alexander '65

*Autumn's when after
Summer and Sunshine and kisses and you
Are completely gone;
When skies swell huge and push beyond
The farthest smoke of burning leaves
Which are everywhere rushing and swirling
And fluttering and frantically trying to fill
The void, which makes me gasp before
The mystery of this thing is not
So much it's happening as that
I can enjoy it without you.*

I'M GOING DOWN TO THE STREAM TO PLAY

Mary Pickens '67

*I'm going down to the stream to play,
Down through the meadow to the crystal stream,
Where I'll take my boat in hand
And sail, sail far, far away.*

*I'm going down to the stream to play,
Down past the oak tree and through the fields,
To the crystal stream where the dragonflies
Play tag along the bank all day.*

*I'm going down where I like to be
Down through the clover and past the bridge
Down to the very bank of the stream
Where I play alone, and my thoughts are free.*

INCONSTANCY

Andrea Davis '66

*The world was made for beautiful people;
For pretty faces, for handsome forms,
For fair, blue-eyed maidens,
And knights in gleaming armor.
For shining hair, and skin without a scar;
For smiling mouths and little noses
And ears that don't stick out.*

*The world was not made for such as I,
Who am only of common stock,
Whose faces are not painted by artists
Unless a fee is paid,
Whose forms are not worshipped
As gods of old,
Whose features do not conform
To the inconstant laws of beauty,
And whose lips are not always curved
In a smile.*

*Father, if I cannot have an unblemished form,
Give me a heart so pure
That it can rival the fairest of skins.
Give me eyes that can see
That which needs to be seen.
Give me ears that can hear
The cries of the suffering.
Father, make me beautiful inside,
For the world was made for beautiful people.*

DISILLUSIONMENT

Andrea Davis '66

*I picked a leaf from off the ground.
It turned to dust, all dry and brown.
I scattered the pieces along the way.
Why, leaves were green just yesterday.*

*I stood upon a little hill.
The wind was damp, I felt a chill.
I wondered, in an absent way;
Why, it was summer yesterday.*

*I met a friend and stopped to ask
When all this change had come to pass.
His eyes were dull, his hair was grey.
Why, it was black just yesterday.*

*Yes, things are different now, I'm told;
The leaves are brown, the weather's cold.
Funny how your going away
Aged the world, since yesterday.*



“WHITE MAN SPEAK WITH FORKED TONGUE”

Andrea Davis '66

*You told me once
That you did not know how to love.
In truth, you meant
That you did not know how to love me.*

*You told me, too,
That you were not an easy person to love.
In reality you were saying
That you did not want me to try.*

*But I tried—
Old man, I tried.
And I did—*

*I told you once
That you were cruel to me.
I did not know then
That it was your cruelty I loved.*

*I said many times
That I would leave you.
In my funny way,
I was asking you to stay.*

*Old man, if you had said what you meant
And I had meant what I said,
We would have parted
Long ago.*

*But you didn't,
And I didn't,
And here we are.*

CALL OF THE HORN

Geré Lynne Allison '65

*When God sends forth the morning's blinding light
And lifts His veil of silver off the land,
The huntsman, with his field of hunters manned,
Sets out to conquer Reynard and his sleight.
Their steamy mounts snort eagerly with delight
On hearing hounds give mouth with fox at hand.
The run can last as long as the pounding band
Is able to keep the wily thief in sight.
The scarlet coats and heaving mounts surround
The spot wherein the sly one makes his den.
The digging of the hounds begs fury crude.
Unearthed, the creature never makes a sound,
Although its sanguine body be so rent.
But life goes on, Pursuer and Pursued.*

WHEN FIRST AN AUTUMN BREEZE

Carol Copple '65

*When first an autumn breeze went winding free
Among the trees along a brook of light,
It chilled the cloud of warmth around each tree.
They shivered once—a passing tremor, slight,
But others followed, winds with rougher grips,
And each with icier fingers than the last,
Until the ground is glowing with the chips
And fragments of the summertime now past;
The long, warm days of golden light now lie
Upon the ground, the bank, and in the stream—
There—dark and sodden; on the ground nearby
They lie in beauty longer as I dream,
Walking and remembering and sighing
To hear a golden, rustling sadness—beauty dying.*

FIRELIGHT

Fondé Thompson '68

*A warm glow fills the room.
The fire crackles, and the embers grow redder.
Orange and yellow blend like the soft tones of music on the air.
We glide across the floor borne by the enchantment.
We see our dreams in the blue flames of the fire.
The firelight is beauty.*

*A burning log falls suddenly.
A leaping red flame surges upward.
The room grows bright with dancing reflections.
I love the strong shoulder I lean on.
The deep brown eyes sparkle in the firelight.
The fire is enchantment.*

*The flames die; the enchantment fades.
A glowing ember still warms the hearth:
A tiny flicker to encourage light and hope.
The strong shoulder is gone; I tremble with weakness.
The red glow no longer reflects in those dark eyes.
He will return; our love, like the fire, will linger.*



A WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Linda Blair '68

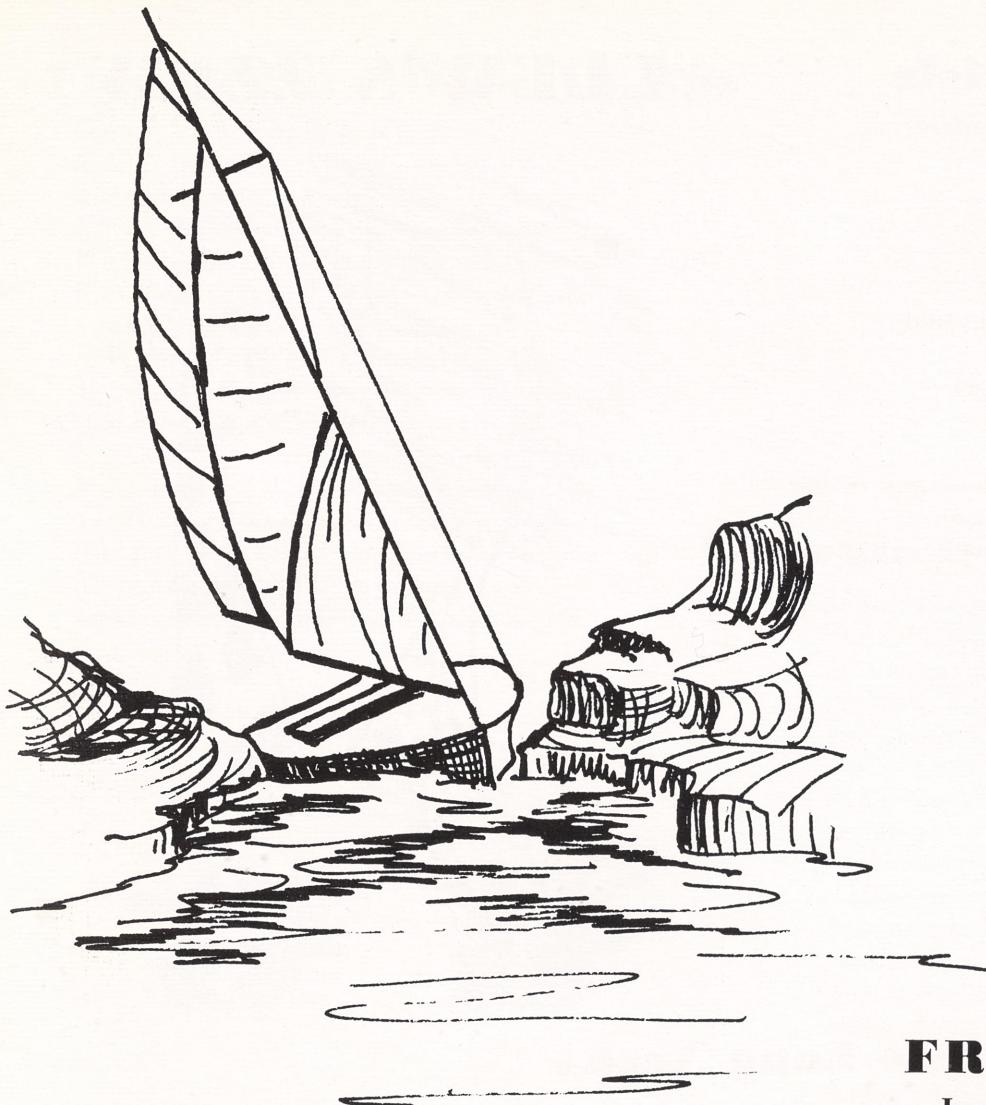
*Upon the scales I stepped one day
And looked at the poundage to my dismay;
The only thing left, I hate to say,
Was to begin a diet right away.*

*Time for lunch—the decision is tough!
Will it be potatoes and a tempting cream puff?
Enter my mother: “None of that stuff!
A hard boiled egg is quite enough.”*

*Now it is dinner—my favorite meal!
Shall I have spaghetti or breaded veal?
But my mother’s voice calls, “Liver’s your deal!”
And her reminder—a carrot to peel.*

*Oh, that cupcake! in the pantry I spy it;
Whatever tempted my mother to buy it?
I guess that I will just have to try it;
But my mother rounds the corner—“Remember your diet.”*

*Day after day—so goes this sad tale,
In spite of my efforts, the diet did fail;
With the poundage the same—I learned from the scale—
I opened the window and out it did sail.*



FREEDOM

Jeanne Landrum

One day as I sat reading by a shady stream, I noticed a tiny sailboat that was caught between two rocks. Curiously I picked it up; its white sail was small but strong, each detail of its deck was exquisite in form, and on the side was its name, *Freedom*. I wondered who had started it on its journey and how it had traveled down this stream in which so many leaves and rocks cluttered the way. Someone must have cared enough to help *Freedom* on its way. I was very glad the sailboat had come to me, but I did not want *Freedom* to stop with me. There seemed no way that I could insure its safe course in this perilous stream forever, but I could help *Freedom* while it was in my range. As I scooped up the wet leaves and shoved back the rocks, I hoped that someone upstream might know that to show my gratitude for *Freedom*'s coming my way, I had cleared the way for *Freedom* to sail to someone else.

Una mofeta triste

*Siempre soy triste porque nadie me quiere;
soy una mofeta joven que sólo vive.
Por qué no tengo ningun amigo?
Soy bonita y lleña de cariño;
tengo ojos negros y piel hermoso;
por qué no tengo un novio precioso?
No tengo ni padres, ni hernanos, ni marido—
deseo que tuviera aun un amigo.
Pero todas las mosetas que vivían aquí
murieron un día, todas menos mí.*

*Mi madre era una buena criatura que me quería dar
lecciones para que aprenda a pulverizar.
Mi padre era el que dirigía la familia;
era él que me enseñó a ir de cacería,
Mi hermana era una amiga verdadera;
jugábamos mucho en su última primavera.
Mi hermano era muy amable, muy guapo;
él me dió muchos consejos en todo.*

*Los humanos dicen que tengo hedor,
pero yo creo que tengo buen olor.
Querría tener una aroma aceptable
para no ser una mofeta desagradable.*

LLEW'S ZZEW



Why Giraffes Have Long Necks

*Why do you suppose giraffes have long necks?
Have you never pondered this erudite question?
If not, you must be one of those complacent persons who has no intellectual
curiosity.*

Well, now to begin my story—

Once upon a time

*(I consider it of paramount importance to begin my true tale in the conven-
tional way)*

The first giraffes lived on the earth.

*You may think they had long necks to start with
But they didn't.*

*And you may think that they stretched their necks so hard to reach the trees
their necks stayed that way.*

But they didn't. (Notice the refrain—clever).

At first most of the giraffes had short necks

But a small number had necks a bit longer

These latter ones were better able to survive

Because they could reach the trees

To get their stomachs a food supply.

As time went on, the giraffes that survived

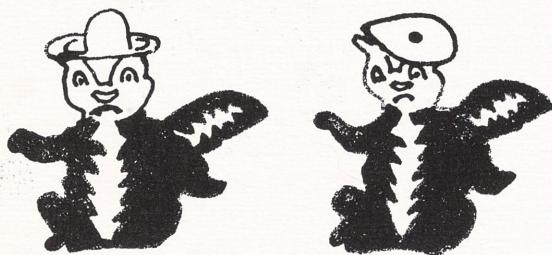
Were the long-necked ones well-supplied.

That is the reason that on the earth today

There are long-necked giraffes living so gay.

Face to Face With An Ape

Once I found myself face to face
With a swinging, swaying, ambling ape.
Though I wanted to run, I couldn't escape;
I froze stiff in my steps with mouth agape.
What frightened me more than that enormous shape
Was the savage look of this hairy ape.
I gazed into his glaring, staring eyes;
His penetrating look forbade any cries.
My muscles were tensed and my mind in a daze,
And even my voice could utter no phrase;
If I hadn't been so scared, I might have run,
But if I'd tried, I would have been outdone.
So, as it was, the ape stood there a while,
And finally on his face appeared a smile.
He felt the surface of my skin
Then turned his back and left with a grin.



Le conte triste d'une mouffette

Je suis une pauvre mouffette,
une solitaire bête.
Je n'ai pas d'amis;
pourquoi est-ce que je vis?
Je n'ai pas de pères,
je n'ai pas de frères;
je n'ai pas d'amis,
je n'ai pas d'abri.
Depuis longtemps je n'ai pas de nourriture,
a cause de cela je perds de la fourrure.
Je veux que j'ais même un ami,
mais toutes les mouffettes qui vivaient ici
sont mortes un jour qu'il faisait froid—
toutes moins moi.
Je n'ai pas d'amis, je n'ai pas d'abri,
pourquoi est-ce que je vis?

The Sad Tale of a Skunk

Why doesn't anyone like me? I wish I knew.
I think I smell nice, but humans say I pew.
Oh how I wish I had even one friend;
All the skunks I knew died in a glen.

My brother was a handsome boy;
He taught me how to play it coy.
My sister was a pretty, perfumed pearl,
Whose short black tail was in a curl.

My father could spray his defensive liquid with skill;
He was the protector of our family and had to kill.
My mother was a gentle, loving creature;
She took care of us as a human would a coat of fur.

I'm all alone, without friends and kin,
And humans say I'm a smelly sin.
Oh how I wish I could be de-stinked yet
So that some cute child would want me as a pet.



THE PAPERBACK JUNGLE

Carol Gingles '68

*Past summer, basking in the sun,
And idling the hours relaxing,
My puzzle was to find a way
To fit together work and play
And thus find neither taxing.
My game was a time-consuming sport—
Reading for Harpeth Hall;
I'd build myself a lawn chair fort,
With a shady beach towel wall.
A tall lemonade, my shades, and a book
Are the arms that I would need,
Then I'd have a noon nap in my fortified nook,
Pretending I would read.
After sleeping for an hour or two,
Through each juicy book I'd thumb;
I found the pages were not few,
For my finger began to numb!
Animal Farm, by George Orwell—
A puzzle on every page;
Then after a while, it rang a bell—
Socialism in our age!
Kidnapped was another book
Which I found worth my while,
And after just one thankful look
I admired Robert's short style.
Quickly through this book I sped,
And after a short time,
I found I had the whole book read;
It simply was sublime!
Of course I enjoyed the tale,
Not just its size or thickness;
I traveled o'er wave and dale
And even got sea sickness!
And there's the villain of the plot,
Dear Uncle Ebeneezer;
I really thought that he should rot
Six feet down—the geezer!
I'm through for now, but soon again
My arms will need first aid.
My thumbs will numb, my head will spin—
My new list reads "Tenth Grade."
So, farewell Frosh, I'm on my way,
Another tune I'll hum.
The road looks long, the sky seems grey, but—
IVANHOE HERE I COME!*

THE CLASS POEM OF 1965

These we have known:

The hour of the open book, the sun-dappled page, the hour that was dreamed away alone or with a friend holding in her lap an open book with a dappled page.

The "hand-me-the-hammer" mumbled through clenched teeth holding nails, from high on the ladder, and then the stepping back, the stretch, the sigh, the glow.

The dark leathery, feathery smell of the little house where twenty girls go in twenty directions and then bump their way to the door and into the cleanliness and the brightness where a strong, clean pull sends the arrow flashing—then a thump, firm and clean.

The chalky confusion or the endless workbook boredom when all the world hung heavy on the sluggish hand of a clock.

The stealing of warmth into the hand that holds the gleaming mug, as the coffee's snug smell spreads like a brown blanket, thick and rough, and only the music slips under the door that keeps out the cold and the rain and keeps in all the rest.

The rustle of rising together and the sifting sound of sitting down to take deep draughts of the muted, air-conditioned peace.

The visible closeness of the third period class before the test as they search the eyes of the second period, each with a clammy fear warmed by their sharing of it.

The tallness of being known and the head-held-highness of "Are you a senior? Yes I'm a senior!" and the swelling bigness of the moment when at last the bulging envelope is clutched in the shaking hand.

The plaid and striped push and shove on the porch where ten can fit and a hundred stand as the rain falls gray and cool and sweet.

The ripple of gold in the laughter of the girls with ripples of gold in their hair that sit on a great green sea with a ripple of gold.

The song in the throat of victory and the lump in the throat of defeat and the pain in the throat of the last lap, and, no matter which it was, the inevitable clang of a hundred locker doors.

And now a hundred thousand smells and sights and sounds, faces and voices singing through the mind.

And the pure peace of white filling the hush of twilight, and the breeze smelling of dew and of roses.

